

# Good Morning 756

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## C.P.O. Gordon Huxford— first greetings from lovely blue eyes

HERE is an armful of cuddle for christening, and P.O. James Baker, C.P.O. Coxswain Gordon Huxford, of 126 Emsworth Road, Portsmouth—Baby Vivienne Rosemary, the little nine-weeks-old daughter he has not yet seen, with her mother.

The photograph, Gordon, was taken in the garden at 12 Mayfield Road, where we found baby being made a great fuss of by her Nan, Mrs. Rosemary Stoker.

"Mother thinks she is wonderful," your wife told us, and we were also informed by the family that Vivienne is the image of her Dad.

"Wish Gordon the best of luck, and say how lovely baby is," Mrs. Stoker asked us. "And tell him I think that after all she is going to have blue eyes."

Our idea was that they were rather a nice shade of grey, but we expect that your wife's letters, Gordon, will settle all those little intimate details.

You can see how proud she is of Baby, and the picture should assure you in the words of the well-worn cliché that "both are doing well."

Mrs. Huxford told us that when she came out of the nursing home, Baby's weight went down to 5 lbs., but at nine weeks she was up to over 10 lbs. That speaks for itself.

Instead of serving teas in the Dockyard canteen, your wife finds herself almost as busy serving Baby with bottles of milk!

Vivienne is quite a good youngster, too, happy and contented, and no trouble at nights.

Mrs. Doris Hornsey and Mrs. Daisy Baker, your sister and sister-in-law, stood as godmothers at the

Your wife has had Baby's photo taken both in her christening gown and in long clothes, but they may not reach you for some time. They had not arrived from the studio when we called. But we'll back our home "shot" against all the rest.

Vivienne is too young yet to take much notice of her toys. She stares rather wonderingly at her toy rabbits, but she has already made great friends with a soft, cuddly doll.

Your wife sends her love. "Tell him I miss him," she said, "and hope to see him soon—the sooner the better."

And that goes for all your friends at Pompey, too.



"Pirate" Vian, R.N.

# These are our next Olympic Games Men

AS soon as possible it is hoped that a great Olympic Games will be staged, with the ace athletes of the United Nations competing in sport.

Has six years of war put Britain out of the athletic running? Have we the athletes to compare with America, Sweden and Finland?

During the war years America, out of the war zone, has kept up a certain high standard among her juniors; Sweden has brought to the fore those wonder middle-distance men, Arne Andersson and Gundar Haegg.

On paper they appear to be unbeatable, but neither are very young men, and so far as young men are concerned Britain has a large number of youths with few equals in the world.

There has been a great deal of talk about the possibility of the mile being run in four minutes, Andersson and Haegg, on account of their performances—in Sweden—during the war years, start favourites; but, apart from Sydney Wooderson, Britain has Douglas Wilson who may well develop into a world-beater.

Easily the most promising

of all our younger runners is Derrick Burfitt.

During the past twenty years I have studied all of the world's leading athletes, but never has a runner impressed more than Burfitt.

Standing nearly 6ft., and weighing 11 stone, at the age of 17½ he is returning times that would please many a runner much older than Burfitt. Junior champion of Britain at the mile, and across country, he has a wonderful stride and tons of stamina.

Burfitt, now a stalwart of Belgrave Harriers, was spotted by Freddie Ford, a Belgrave star of yesteryear, to-day a master at Willesden Technical School, where Burfitt studied. He encouraged the boy when he saw his obvious talent, and young Derrick, even during the black-out, used to train three times a week on a local track.

He ran the fastest mile ever run by one so young in the amazing time—for a boy—of 4 mins. 26 secs. He was not pressed. With proper coaching he will possibly be the first man to run a mile in four minutes and will probably be among the leaders when the next Olympic mile is run.

During the war years the

athletic coaches of Britain have learnt a great deal. No longer are youthful champions rushed into too many events—this resulted in us losing many a promising lad before the war.

Alan Grieve, the South London Harrier, 100 yards junior champion of Great Britain, is a great sprinter of to-morrow; a young man well able to step into the shoes of such renowned British sprinters as Harold Abrahams, E. L. Page and Harold Heap.

Perhaps the greatest of the younger sprinters, and a lad who will probably beat the world with good fortune, is another Belgrave Harrier discovery, Sub-Lieutenant Michael Broadbent, of the Royal Navy.

A former junior champion—he is now 21—Michael Broadbent has taken the champion, Cyril Holmes, to inches on four occasions, and wisely is concentrating upon the 100 metres instead of going in for the furlong as well.

This specialisation is a good thing; an essential for success in the world of athletics that has never been lost upon our opponents on the Continent or in the United States.

In the past we have seen what our specialists can do. Lord Burghley (400 metres hurdles), Tommy Hampson (800 metres), Sydney Wooderson (mile), Harold Whitlock (distance walking), have all beaten the world because they specialised.

Now, in planning for the future, our athletic coaches are pointing out to young athletes the wisdom of going in for one event and putting all their energies into perfecting themselves.

We shall see more young athletes than ever before taking an interest in field events. Just before the war Britain's long-jumpers and pole-vaulters were improving beyond recognition, but in the field of highjumping, javelin, weight, and discus, we

## Kent Sailor Founded Jap Navy

IT was an Englishman who, nearly 350 years ago, founded the Japanese Navy which the Allied fleets are now sinking. He was the first Englishman to visit Japan, and to-day the illuminated clock of Gillingham, visible ten miles away to ships in the Medway Estuary, is a memorial to this Kentish seaman.

William Adams was the man's name, and he was born in the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth "in a town called Gillingham, two English miles from Rochester, and one mile from Chatham, where the Queen's ships do lie."

He was brought up in Limehouse and apprenticed to the sea, becoming in due course master and pilot. In 1598 he was engaged as pilot to five trading ships of the Dutch East India Company's.

The squadron set out on one of those voyages of discovery

and commerce which were then the order of the day, and was overcome by typical disasters—famine, sickness, cannibals, it well.

In one storm three of the ships sank without trace. Eventually the other two became separated and never joined again.

Adams, who has left a narrative of the voyage, seems to have been calm and optimistic through all these disasters, and it was his suggestion that instead of returning to Europe the ship which had passed through the Straits of Magellan should make for Japan, then almost unknown.

But by the time the ship reached Japan, only nine or ten sick and dying men remained on board.

Japan was then a barbarous country, but the sailors were welcomed. The ship was led to a good harbour; they were given food and shelter.

Then the Portuguese and Jesuits, who had already established trading posts on the islands, began to stir up the people against the newcomers, and but for the fortunate passing of the Emperor, the sailors would probably have been crucified.

The Emperor demanded to see the men, and Adams, as their leader, was brought before him.

MIKADO JUDGE.

For several days the Emperor questioned Adams about Europe. He seems to have been an intelligent man and, in spite of the pressure of the Portuguese, eventually delivered his judgment.

Adams and his comrades had done no one any harm. They should therefore be allowed to go free. The articles pilfered from their ship must be restored, and they must be given sufficient to purchase necessities.

The Dutchmen gradually dispersed over the island, but Adams had attracted the Emperor and was shown special favours. Japan at that time knew nothing of shipbuilding or navigation.

The Emperor pressed Adams again and again to build him a ship. Adams replied that he was no carpenter, but eventually the Emperor persuaded him to try.

With native labour and materials, Adams built a ship of "eighty tons or thereabouts;

which ship being made in all proportions as our manner is, he coming aboard to see, liked it well."

This was the first ship built in Japan, the beginning of the Japanese Navy and the mercantile marine.

Adams followed it up with a larger ship of 120 tons. He found the Japanese good craftsmen, eager to learn.

The Emperor appointed Adams his tutor in mathematics, and the Portuguese and Jesuits who had sought his death now came cringing for his favour. He lived like a lord in England, with 80 or 90 husbandmen as his servants and slaves.

FIRST MAN ADAMS.

Only one favour the Emperor would not hear of granting Adams. He would not let him leave the country as he was too useful as the best in shipbuilding.

A number of Dutch ships were now trading with Japan, thanks to the influence of Adams with the Emperor.

After he had been in Japan eleven years, Adams was permitted to write home, and the letters brought to England news of a sailor long considered dead.

Adams' letters attracted great interest in London, and the ship "Clive" was despatched to see if commercial relations with Japan could be opened up.

It reached Japan in 1613 under the command of Captain Saris, who seems to have been as good a diplomat as he was a navigator.

As a friend of Adams, he was royally entertained by the Emperor, and Britain was granted a commercial treaty far more favourable than those signed with Portugal and Holland. But the proposed trade did not prosper, and the East India Company abandoned the project.

Adams had a wife and children in England, but these, through his enforced exile, had become, in his own words, "widow and orphans."

He married a Japanese princess and died in 1619 or 1620.

For centuries the Japanese continued to mark the anniversary of his death on April 15th with special religious ceremonies at his ornate tomb overlooking Yokosuka.

J. V. Guerter

## USELESS EUSTACE



"What! Submerging again? Blimey! 'Ave a heart, commander. I'll never get my washin' dry!"

were streets behind our rivals. Is this likely to be rectified shortly?

The answer is "Yes," although it should be pointed out that climatic conditions in Britain do not give our men the same freedom of muscles as, say, the United States and Sweden.

This applies to runners, to a lesser degree, as well. Proof of this can be checked by the fine performances put up by our athletes when they appear in big meetings staged in the United States or on the Continent.

The athletic leaders of Britain have for a long time been looking for the athletic talent of the future. In the years and Olympics to come such fine young stars as Derrick Burfitt, Michael Broadbent, and Alan Grieve, are going to make the athletic world sit up and take notice.

Remember these names—the boys who bear them are world-beating athletes of to-morrow.

Oswald Harrison



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# "I'LL MANAGE TO SEE SOMETHING"

"CREW?" cried Larry with Dave with words that seemed to have the effect of extracting the sudden rage. They were niggers. You all know saving from the disastrous news. what that means. They went Dave was staring at the fire yellow when the blow rolled us when Larry Duke made his appearance. They left off work when a. He slouched into the sitting-room and threw his cap on the dresser, then noticing the bottle of Guess they're landed on one of the rum, lifted it and took a swig. Bahamas by this time. The "I'm sorry, boss, but she's gale blew them that way."

"I took the lugsail boat and Old Dave turned towards his came on here. It took me all my skipper and nodded his head up time to beat up against the wind. and down. I've lost all my outfit. I wish I hadn't skippered a sponger at all. he managed to say. "Tell me Never again."

Dave Whitaker staggered away boat. She was all I had and I from the crowd, dazed and beaten. painted her white so that I could He felt a hand on his arm and pick her out from the other boats looked up to see Eddy Curd by when they all came in together. his side.

"I'll take you home, Dave," her best in the world. Tell us how said Eddy softly. "It may not be she went down and ruined me," be so bad as you think." "There ain't much to tell, "Bad! Bad!" wailed Dave. boss. Just what I said. We were "It's ruin. The Traveller wasn't driven ashore on White Reef and—insured. Lost! Lost on White Reef!"

Eddy Curd was standing behind the chair of Gloria's father, with to Larry Duke to follow them. his hand on the old man's shoulder, patting it gently.

"I think you'd better come up and give the full story at his house," he said. "You can't on the other side of the fireplace, stand talking there. Come on." looking at the skipper with brim.

"I'm coming," said Larry. ming eyes. "I've got my wages to collect and then I'll quit. No more sponging for me."

Eddy got Dave home and placed Curd here, will bear me out in him in a chair in front of the fire, saying it was a big bust up, that while Gloria ran for a bottle of rum and ginger. It was Eddy who administered the dose to the said Eddy. "It took me some managing to get clear of the reef. about the schooner, and I suppose I'd better quit Macuda. I reckon I'll go over to the Bahamas and get a ship there. No more sponging for me."

That dose was the thing that prevented Dave Whitaker from having a shock. Eddy had not on Larry. "If you had bin out been in the home of Dave before, with us you'd hev seen the reef for me." but he went about as if the place all white froth and flying spume. Old man Whitaker raised his belonged to him, taking command There's one or two coves in it head. and comforting Gloria and old where the mangroves grow high

and thick, but the water's deep The girl went into her father's Larry said. There's never been a wreck salvaged off White Reef. She went down like a bar of iron. And the coloured crew quit. There wasn't anything left for me to do but beat back and tell you."

"Her keel must hev bin ripped off her at the first bump. She went down like a bar of iron. And the coloured crew quit. There wasn't anything left for me to do but beat back and tell you."

"There was not much money in the box, but he counted out the wages due to Larry and handed them over. "You couldn't help it, Larry," he said. "I suppose you'd better go and get a real job somewhere. I'm done. I can't build another over."

## Continuing "Salvage of White Reef"

"Which part of the reef is she lying?" asked Eddy. "I've been over that reef fairly minutely."

Larry's eyes followed in the direction of Eddy for an instant. "If you're thinking of salvaging her, I can tell you there ain't the ghost of a chance. She's twelve fathoms down, and when I left her nothing but the tip of her masts showed through the spray. But I'll tell you, boss, as near as I can where you'll find her. She's about a furlong north of High Heel Bluff."

"I know the place," said Eddy. "It's a bad bit there, all jagged reef and black water."

"That's right. Well, boss, what about my wages? I'm sorry about the schooner, and I suppose I'd better quit Macuda. I reckon I'll go over to the Bahamas and get a ship there. No more sponging for me."

"That's the story, boss," went Eddy. "If you had bin out been in the home of Dave before, with us you'd hev seen the reef for me."

Old man Whitaker raised his head. "Gloria, get my cash."

The local ship surveyor and Larry nodded to her as they disembarked.

"I'm afraid there isn't any hope," said the surveyor. "We've seen her and she's just as Larry Duke says—lying in deep, dark water with only the tops of her masts showing. She's a complete wreck. It's impossible to salvage the wreck. We'll come up and see your father about it."

They went up, with Eddy and Eddy liked Dave Whitaker, and, after did not say a word all the way, discussing the situation, it was but he took Gloria's arm in his agreed that the following day a party of them would go out and have a look at her. Larry Duke he didn't make any show of saying agreed to locate the wreck and anything.

Eddy offered his fast boat to take the surveyors out. They sailed next morning, Larry on the poop beside Eddy to make the course. The sea had gone down during the night and the only reminder of the gale was the big rollers that banged on the shingle and billowed to the horizon.

Gloria watched the boat go out and she was on the wharf the following day when it returned.

And there's my kit on board," said Larry Duke in a hinting tone. "Reckon that kit was worth something," murmured the old man, "if I can sell the wreck I'll pay you for the kit. It's a moral responsibility. Let the wreck (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

are there from 1 to 10 inclusive, and what are they? 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Inch, Yard, Furlong, Foot-rule, Mile, League.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 755

1. What was the name of Shackleton's last ship?
2. How many days are there in the last week of February in a Leap Year?
3. How many men sit on a coroner's jury?
4. What name is given to a collector of match-box tops?
5. How many prime numbers are there from 1 to 10 inclusive, and what are they?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Inch, Yard, Furlong, Foot-rule, Mile, League.

## People are Queer

THE signature that everyone loved to see will be written no more. It was scrawled across those pleasant, flimsy bits of paper that perform the quick vanishing trick and which you use, sometimes, to light cigarettes with.

For a few days ago Mr. Cyril Patrick Mahon, former Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, died at his home at Bishop's Hull, Torquay, where he went to live when he retired in 1929.

His signature baffled would-be forgers of bank-notes, and it was claimed that any bit of illegal penwork could be detected at once by the bankers, without the use of a magnifying glass.

If ever you come across Miss Kitty Keene, of Studham, Bedfordshire, don't try any rough stuff. She's used to handling bears!

Every morning, Kitty rides her cycle from her home to Whipsnade Zoo to look after four European brown bears and two six-months-old cubs.

When she's fed them and given them a wash and brush up, she goes across to tidy up the bison, wolves and deer.

She's in love with her job and, so far, has not had any trouble with the livestock. If ever she takes up a city job she won't have any trouble with wolves or bears, either.

THE pheasants of Sandringham know Mr. Robert Bridges. And he's known them, their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers better than any man alive.

As gamekeeper on the royal estates he has helped to look after the birds for Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII and George VI, and he has seen some of the best shooting in his time.

The biggest day's bag he remembers was in the time of Edward VIII, when 2,300 birds fell to the guns of a shooting party.

One of the cleverest marksmen was Lord Ripon, who killed three birds with three shots, so that they were all dead in the air at the same time.

The present king is the finest shot of the Royal Family. He was so keen on duck shooting that he would get up at five in the morning to catch the early birds.

A SCARF knitted by Queen Victoria was one of the most treasured possessions of Col. Henry Clay, of Revell Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

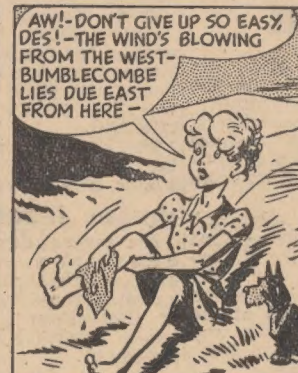
He was one of five men to receive a scarf for bravery at the fight of Spion Kop, in the Boer War.

When he died recently, aged 73, he could look back on a lifetime spent in the Army since he enlisted as a private fifty-six years before. He was commandant of the London recruiting zone from 1937.

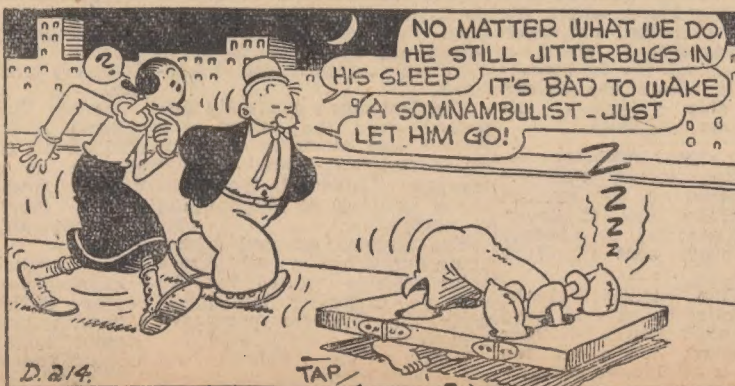
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 694

- 1. Behead a fish and get a girl.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Hisvntuallytobcomawavr.
- 3. What large mammal can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: — of letting the suspects go, that high-handed police officer — them in custody.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 693

- 1. C-row.
- 2. Hoidd hard to that high bough.
- 3. LEINT.
- 4. Nicest insect.

JANE

Salvage at White Reef

(Continued from Page 2) go up for auction, surveyor. Maybe somebody'll buy her, if it's only to collect her timbers during the winter months when the storms throw them up—

"Say, boss," said Larry suddenly. "I'll make a deal with you about my outfit. Gimme your lugsail and I'll call it square. I've got to get over to the Bahamas to find a ship and I can't stay around here. I'll sell the lugsail and square the crew if I meet 'em. How's that?"

Dave considered a bit, then bowed his head. "All right, Larry. It takes the crew's wages off my mind. I'll sell you the lugsail and pay 'em. Do you think, surveyor, anybody'll make a bid for the wreck?"

"I'll put it up to auction to-morrow, if you like," said the sur-

veyor, "but I hardly think any one'll want her. She's deep down and nothin' but her masts showing. But I'll put her up and see what can be done."

Larry and the surveyor went off together, and Eddy hung about for a minute, his cap in his hands and his brows knit. Gloria was staring at the fire, just as her father was staring at the fire from the opposite side of the grate. Eddy stepped softly over and laid a hand on Dave's shoulder.

"Just listen. You told Gloria to say to me that I wasn't to talk to you about—about—Gloria—until—I'd done something. Well, I'm going to do something." "What are you going to do?" "I'm going to ask you to come for a sail in my schooner. To-morrow, maybe. Or the day after."

"What for?" "I don't think I can tell you just yet," he replied. "I just want you to come. Wouldn't you like to see the last of the Traveller? Wouldn't you like to see her masts up above the waves?"

"I would," said Dave, shaking his head. "I'd like to see where she's lying, all dead and broke up. I'd like just to have one look at my pet schooner."

"All right, come with me and I'll show her to you. Now, I'm not going to ask you to let me marry Gloria just yet. You said I had to do something first. If what I want to do doesn't come off and as he sailed past Eddy's we'll have another talk; but Gloria may come with us. I tell you I have reasons for asking you. Will you and Gloria come?"

Dave looked up at Eddy, then at his girl, but he saw that Gloria was as surprised at Eddy's

suggestion as he was, so he knew there was no plot between them.

"I'll come," he said, "if you promise to set Gloria and me back here after we've seen the wreck."

"I promise," said Eddy. "You will come back here, if you like. Make it to-morrow, then."

He nodded towards Gloria and went out. For the rest of that day he was engaged on board his schooner overhauling gear and testing ropes and tackle.

He brought out his long water-telescope during the afternoon and added a length to it and put a larger mirror at the top.

Larry Duke left Macuda as Eddy was working at the telescope and as he sailed past Eddy's schooner he had a joke to make at the latter's labours.

"If you find sponges as good as you make water telescopes," he said, "you ought to be able to get a real cargo of sponges one day." "I shouldn't be surprised if I

managed to see something," replied Eddy, nodding over the side of his boat.

(To be continued).

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a county town, a county, or the name of a commercial vehicle.

- 1. Abbreviated Robert.
  - 2. Subject on which to write or speak.
  - 3. Small tea box.
  - 4. Quick forcible breaths.
  - 5. A reel.
  - 6. Perplexity.
  - 7. More advanced in years.
- (Solution to-morrow)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 755.

- 1. t e E m s
- 2. d i M e s
- 3. d e E d s
- 4. d o R i s
- 5. r o A r s
- 6. j o L l y
- 7. r u D d y



How the World Wags

PILOT OFFICER CLARENCE is not the chimpanzee he was—nor will he ever be again. Riotous living with an R.A.F. wing in the Belgian Congo has ruined his taste for the simple things in life. He loved his gay evenings in the bar, where he became quite a connoisseur, but his liver didn't.

He was the toast of the wing. He was issued with a regulation R.A.F. bed complete with mosquito net, and lived in a hut in the mess compound. He shook hands with new members as they arrived, and could pass a drink to them with as steady a hand as any in the bar.

He was known to be able to hold his liquor like an officer and a gentleman. Only once did he overdo it and pass out on his friends and brother officers. Then he was ceremoniously carried to bed.

And now he is at the Zoo, where bleak teetotalism stares him in the face. He will, in future, be able to take part in the children's tea-parties!

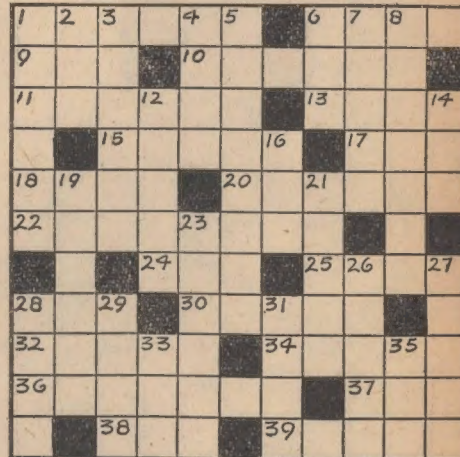
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY passenger coaches now under construction at Swindon contain many improvements for comfort.

Fluorescent tubes in place of the usual electric bulbs, will give an even daylight effect over the whole compartment.

P. L.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

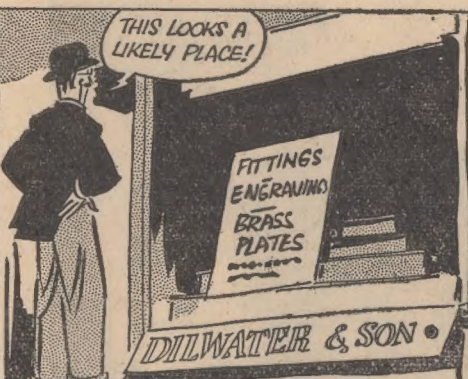
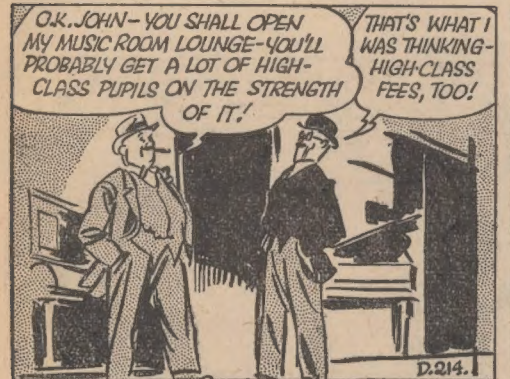
CAMP PICA  
ONION SOLUS  
ANTRIM BILK  
TURTLES ATE  
LEE ROUSED  
PUSNAILS R  
OH DIN ASIA  
OAK ROW TON  
PRISM HEART  
SLEEPING I  
SHOWN TASK



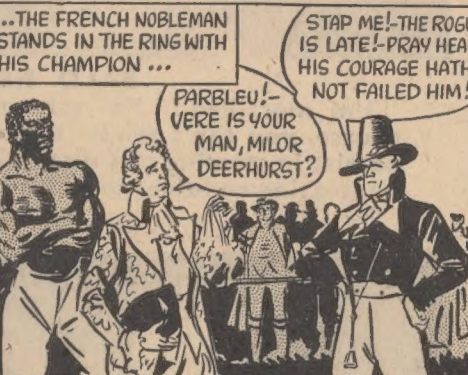
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Cultivated, 6 Kaffir regiment, 9 Recline, 10 Of the spring, 11 Symbol, 13 Early sailor, 15 Drying device, 17 Second-line sailors, 18 Clever, 20 Bounds, 22 Grace, 24 Farm animal, 25 Fat, 28 Pronoun, 30 Mature, 32 Old violin, 34 Fresh supply, 36 Kind of pace, 37 Aeon, 38 Ay, 39 Girl's name.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Wool, 2 Object, 3 Deduction, 4 Aye, 5 Lowered, 6 Hostel, 7 New Zealander, 8 Tropical grower, 12 Vassal, 14, Short hours, 16 Sandhurst centre, 19 Last month, 21 Handsome woman, 23 Bides, 26 School book, 27 Senior member, 28 Laugh, 29 Numerous, 31 Vases, 33 Bind, 35 East chief.

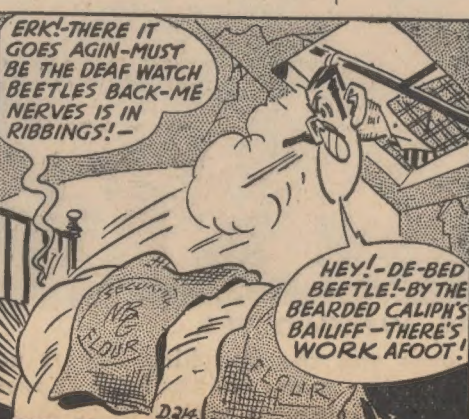
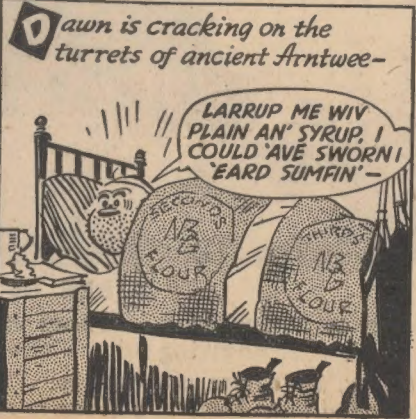
RUGGLES



GARTH

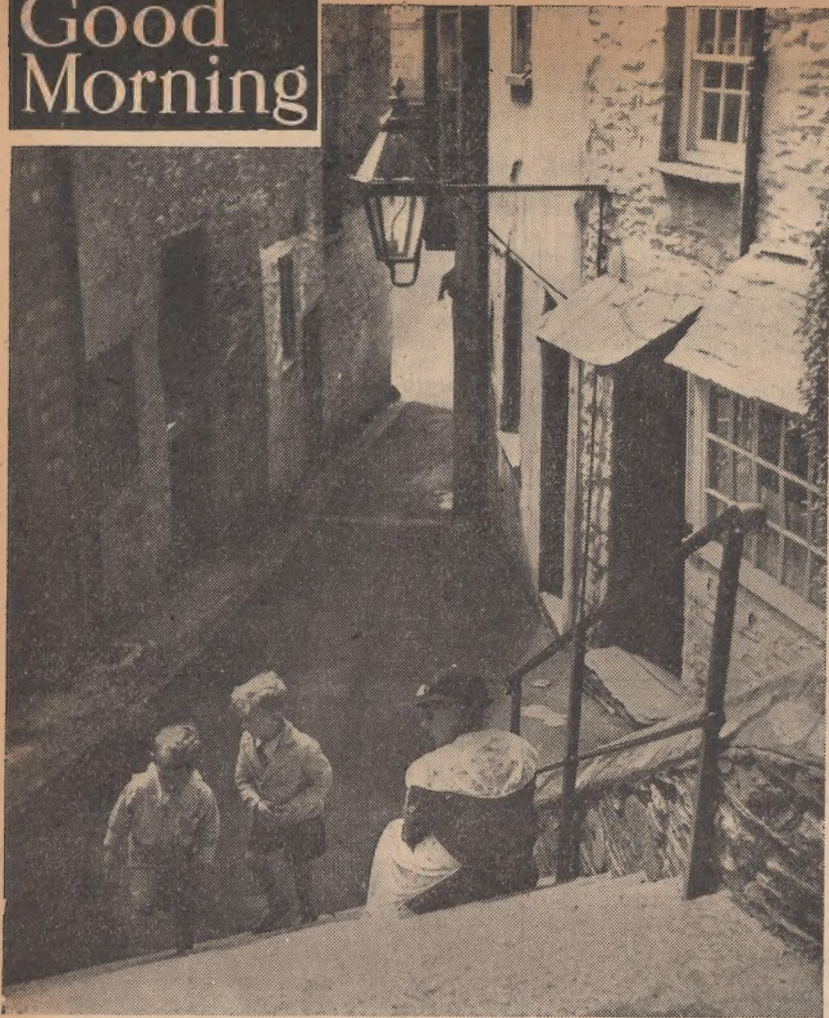


JUST JAKE





# Good Morning



## SO BAD TO COME HOME TO.

This little corner of Fowey in Cornwall does something to us — it frightens us! We look at that flight of steep steps, and fall a-wondering—wondering how we would ever negotiate them after a night out with the boys! We've got an uncomfortable feeling that you couldn't take two steps forward and one step back with impunity — in Fowey.



## 'WARE, WEREWOLVES.

The gal with the staring eyes and the clutching fingers and the pirate's ear-rings and the peasant costume and the fixed expression — is Nina Foch. And this is all Columbia wishes us to know!



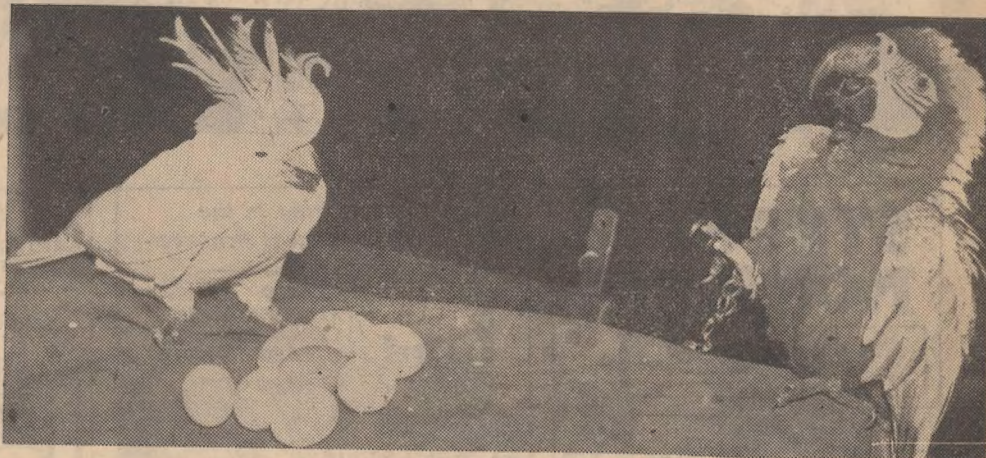
## TWO APPLES FOR THE TEACHERS.

What do they teach, did you say? Well, we ask you! Look at those massive thighs, those twin Mounts of Venus, that joint herculean promise of connubial bliss, and ask yourself! Don't ask us, we're trying to forget.



## BALD HEAD'S PROTEST.

"I'm mortified! I'm ashamed! Are my cheeks red? (But, of course, you can't see!) Here am I with four teeth, and they still persist in sticking this disgusting spoon into my mouth loaded with nauseating cod-liver oil. And the only effective protest I can make is to dribble!"



## TROUBLE IN PARADISE.

"Listen to me, woman. It's no use you looking coy. I insist upon knowing where those eggs came from."

"But, Joey, don't raise your voice so. The neighbours will hear you. And after I waited three hours in a queue to get those eggs for your breakfast."